

# The Musical World.

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## THE ITALIAN OPERA IN PARIS.

RENTREE OF SOPHIE CRUVELLI.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Thursday.

I have only time to write you a few lines about this very interesting and important event, which came off on Tuesday night. As you have been, from first to last, the staunch and enthusiastic advocate of Sophie Cruvelli, you will be pleased to hear that all you predicated in her favour has been more than verified in Paris. Three weeks repose in the bosom of her family, at her native town of Bielefeld, in Westphalia, have restored her energies, invigorated her health, and enabled her to show herself—what you have all along declared her to be—the greatest dramatic singer of the day. I shall not enter into any description either of the performance or the sensation produced on Tuesday night. They beggar description. Suffice it, that Sophie Cruvelli, by one effort, has resuscitated the *Opera Italien* which was “on its last legs.” If Mr. Lumley be not the luckiest man in the world, he ought to be. He has found another Jenny Lind, at a moment of imminent danger. Barbieri Nini, I regret to say, has been a failure, and the *Theatre Italien* was gradually being deserted, when a champion comes forth in the form of a young, gifted, and lovely girl—a German, not an Italian—and holds up the shield of genius in its defence. Nothing can resist her. She appears as Norma the Druidess, and with one gesture, one glance, one regard, lays the whole audience at her feet. You do not want an account of Norma, much less of Cruvelli's Norma. It is enough to sum up, with the assurance, that so great and complete a triumph was never before achieved on the boards of the French Italian Opera. For the present I shall conclude with the following literal translation of a short paragraph from the glowing pen of Fiorentino, which immediately followed the night of the representation, in anticipation of his *feuilleton* in the *Constitutionnel*:

“*OPERA ITALIEN*.—We have at last a veritable Italian Theatre. The success which Mlle. Cruvelli has just obtained in *Norma* has surpassed the expectations of her most fanatical admirers. The formulae of eulogy have been so unhappily lavished, that we can only supplicate those who were not present at the performance to believe that what we announce is no more nor less than the cold and exact truth. None of the artistes who have preceded Sophie Cruvelli in this great part—Malibran and Pasta included—ever reached so high a degree of inspiration. Never was voice of more prodigious extent, of more admirable quality, of more irresistible attraction; placed at the disposition of more burning passion, or of

greater dramatic genius. Tragedian as great as Rachel, *cantatrice* incomparable and unique, Mlle. Cruvelli realises in *Norma* the ideal of the art. At each phrase, at each gesture, at each burst, the public rose *en masse*, bounded with surprise and delight, and covered with incessant plaudits the voice of the singer. The performance was interrupted several times, and Mlle. Cruvelli was compelled to retire to the back of the stage to wait until the acclamations had subsided. We will not speak of the recals, bouquets, and other such ordinary manifestations, which might have been dispensed with on such an occasion, since they only served to recal the too frequent abuse of them in honor of commonplace mediocrity. Enough that it was one of the most irreproachable representations, and one of the most complete we ever witnessed. We shall return, as may well be believed, to this memorable *soirée*, which opens a new era to the Italian Opera, at the very moment when its *éclat* appeared to be fading, and its fortune to be on the decline.”

In my next I shall enclose the articles of the chief *feuilletonists*. Meanwhile all Paris is in extacies, and, perhaps, never was opinion so unanimously enthusiastic in praise of an artist. It is unnecessary to add that I agree with the general opinion, being not a less warm, though a much less eloquent advocate than yourself, of the genius and endowments of Sophie Cruvelli.

## JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

JULLIEN is the Grand Master of the ceremonies to the winter season. He is the Usher of the White Rod, and yearly proffers invitation to our hybernal festivities. He is the titanic porter of the Temple of Music, who turns the key, and lets in the world to enjoyment. Without Jullien we should have no veritable season. His loss would be, as it were, unsuppliable, irremediable. The public, deprived of Jullien at this period of the year, would become a moping, melancholy, disappointed, and maimed public, having, so to speak, one eye plucked out of their recreations, one ear cut off from their diversions. But Jullien and the public will, we trust, for many years to come, shake hands in brotherhood, and exhibit unnumbered interchanges of good feeling. Jullien will still prove himself the Napoleon of caterers, and the public will not show itself ungrateful. Jullien will demonstrate his invention and research, and the public will subscribe to his genius. Jullien will provide novelties and wonders, and the public will roar and pay.

We are going to write down a used-up phrase—but what can we do? No new words can express so forcibly the truth. Were a going to say, that the largest audience ever congregated

within the walls of Drury Lane assembled on Monday night—the opening night of Jullien's Concerts—and that the theatre was crowded to suffocation. This is neither true nor original. We have occasionally seen the theatre as crowded, and there was no "suffocation," if we except one short fat man in the pit, who fainted in the arms of a policeman, and was carried to an oyster shop in Russell Street, borne on a back door with a bolt in it. If we say that Drury Lane was chock full (or, choke full, to save disputation), and that nearly 7000 people were crammed and jammed together in the theatre, we shall convey no very indifferent notion of the state of affairs.

The interior of the house has undergone but little change. The decorations of the promenade are, however, new, and exceedingly simple and chaste. They consist of plain white and gold, with single wreaths of flowers very tastefully disposed. Mr. Frederick Gye has an excellent eye for effect, and he has seldom exhibited a nicer feeling for arrangement and contrast than on the present occasion. The magnificent, fairy-like, and *unique* crystal curtain still hangs its glittering splendours between the stage and the front of the house, and adds greatly to the appearance of the theatre. The arrangements in the reading-room are on the same gigantic scale as before, and Mr. G. Payne provides bodily condiments for such as eschew the more attenuated refreshings of music.

The orchestra is, perhaps, the finest and most complete which Jullien has yet brought together. All the players of note and merit in London are retained, and one or two have been drafted from the Continent to fill up a "toom" space, which could not otherwise be well supplied. The following is a list of the solo performers:—Baumann, Baker, Band, Cioffi, Collinet, Cooper, Defolly, Deloffre, Doyle, Frelon, Godfrey, Handley, Harper, T. Harper, C. Holt, Howell, Janza, Jarret, Koenig, Kreutzer, Lavigne, Lazarus Lutgen, Mori, Piatti, Prospere, Pilet, Phillips, Sonnenberg, Thirlwell, and Vogel.

This alone would constitute a strong phalanx, but it makes little more than a third of the band. Herr Janza, who leads the second violins, is the Viennese artist, of whom, some weeks since, we introduced a memoir in the *Musical World*. He is a first-rate player and a distinguished musician. We are pleased to see M. Baumann at his old post in Jullien's troupe; although Mr. Winterbottom, his successor, the last two seasons, was far from being an inefficient substitute. M. Remusat is first flute, and a better selection could hardly have been made. In short the band is nearly perfect at every point, the cymbals alone being objectionable on the score of pitch.

M. Jullien's phalanx had a glorious opportunity of exhibiting their power and capability in the grand overture to *Leonora*, which in some respects was better played than we ever heard it. Jullien conducted the overture admirably and did not allow a single point to be lost. The few bars for the trumpet, introduced with such magical effect, were played to perfection by Koenig, and made a distinct feature in the performance. The band were also heard to great advantage in the andante to Mendelssohn's third symphony, and the

andante from Beethoven's symphony in D, both of which were delightfully given and immensely applauded. Previous to the *Leonora* overture, with which the concert virtually commenced, there were two demonstrations of popular feeling; one when Jullien appeared on the platform, and one, when "God save the Queen" being called for was played by the whole strength of the band. Jullien was received with deafening cheers, as was also Her Majesty, who though absent was musically present, and the feeling popular and the feeling loyal contested for mastery. For the sake of loyalty and gallantry we are glad to announce that the Queen had a trifle the best of the conductor.

Beside the pieces named, the programme included a new quadrille, composed by Jullien on themes from *Il Prodigio*, an excellent set, and sure to become popular, concluding with the celebrated "Pas des Poignards;" Jullien's "Crystal Fountain Polka," first time of performance at the concert; "Marianette," a valse by Koenig (first time in public); and several old friends, among whom we may name the exciting, brilliant, and overpowering "Great Exhibition Quadrille," which terminated the first part with a perfect *furor* and gave rise to a double encore for "God save the Queen," and a demand for "Rule Britannia," amid a noise like the roaring of ten thousand buffaloes in amorous season.

The grand feature of the evening, however, was the performance of Signor Bottesini, which produced as powerful a sensation on the audience as ever we remember to have witnessed in any theatre by any performer. Bottesini is the instrumental wonder of his age. He has been well styled the Paganini of his instrument, and is, no doubt, as perfect a performer on the contra-basso as his illustrious countryman was on the fiddle. It is quite impossible to conceive the absolute mastery which Bottesini holds over this most unwieldy of instruments: nor how he awakens from its massive strings those exquisitely delicate and fluty tones, which would seem born of a silver thread spun to the fineness of a hair; nor how he runs up and down, as it were, miles of lines with the rapidity of the electric telegraph, and never deviates in his intonation, the note being true as a tuning-fork; nor many other things which seem impossible, and which are impossible to all but himself. But if Bottesini's sway over the contra-basso be marvellous, if his execution be "perfect as conjecture," his beauties are not confined to mechanical wonders and sleight of art or artifice. Bottesini can play a simple air as Miss Stephens or Albani would sing it, without ornament or alloy and produce a greater effect than any body else by aid of lace-work and embroidery. Who that has heard Bottesini sing, not play, the "D'un pensiero" in his *Sonnambula* fantasia but must have felt the same emotions as when listening to a Malibran or a Cruvelli! We shall not dwell upon the effect Bottesini produced on his audience on Monday night. It was prodigious, and truly unparalleled.

Miss Dolby, who was received with great fervour, introduced "Nobil Signor" from the *Huguenots*, and the Scotch

song "Bonnie Dundee." Both were given with the fair singer's peculiar charm, and the first encored. Miss Dolby is a great favourite and deservedly so. She has a most beautiful voice and sings like a true musician.

The opening night augurs well for Julien's concert season. Bottesini is a grand card, and will be sure to draw thousands to the theatre. Indeed, no one should miss the opportunity of hearing the unrivalled contra-bassist. Miss Dolby will also prove a great attraction, but we would advise her, with deference, to adhere more to simple ballads, or arias of the non-bravura character, which none can sing better than herself, and leave Meyerbeer's cavatinas to their proper home, the stage. We never admired vastly "Nobil Signor," even when Alboni sang it on the stage, and have no great affection for it off. There are songs of Mozart for which Miss Dolby's pure and delicious voice is far better suited.

The performances have been varied nightly, but we must postpone our notice of the novelties until next week, having already devoted a large space to one performance. It is enough to say that a new Grand Quadrille, called "The St. Leger Day," has been produced; also a new valse, called "La Prima Donna," and "The Bloomer's Quadrille" (new); and the "Indian Quadrille," is announced for next week, full particulars of which will be given in our next.

#### NATIONAL ENGLISH OPERA.

(From an occasional Contributor.)

Having been absent from town some little time, I have not had my weekly opportunity of reading your clever little paper, but feeling interested in the subject-matter of several letters you published a short time since, on the formation and establishment of a National Opera, I set myself down on this thoroughly November day, to scan briefly over the feasibility of such a proposal with reference to existing circumstances, and to offer a few remarks as to what I conceive to be essential before we can entertain even a bare hope of ultimate success.

If the permanent establishment of an English Opera be in this age something more than a myth, there is but one way to set about it, and that one way is fraught with many serious and complicated difficulties. The success (or I should perhaps more correctly say the *existence*) of two Italian houses, does not at this present moment afford the slightest criterion of a similar result in a national undertaking—I say at this present moment, for tastes do alter and appetites vary, but where music is concerned, seldom at the instant. Unfortunately for our native products, we cannot in this damp atmosphere, make up our minds to turn fashion adrift, even in matters where she is positive destruction to our better feeling and judgment; and this is especially palpable, when our own lyric genius and industry is brought into question. Again, in the first setting such a scheme on foot, there are of necessity so many cross purposes to battle with, so many divers tastes and wills to consult, and in many instances how to, such dangerous heads to conciliate, so much of popularity to *make*, and so very much of injustice and absolute malice to encounter, that unless a tolerably fair field be given, and hand joined in hand to effect a safe launch, the permanent establishment of a National Opera will never in my life time be ought but a name. It is in vain to hope for anything lasting, unless at the very onset

there be constituted, what may be termed a musical republic—not in management forsooth! nothing could possibly be worse than that—but in a powerful co-operation of our leading English composers and artists, in a strong and united endeavor to place the advancement of native talent on a better and surer footing (it cannot by any manner of means be in worse plight than at present), and to make English music and English musicians what they should be, in a country which already boasts of, with much reason, the greatness and excellence of its many national institutions. For my own part, I am, under a few restrictions, a staunch musical protectionist, and shall continue to be so, until I can discover some shew of justice towards the home article. I have no personal objection to either Italians, Germans, or Frenchmen. I respect their talent, and enjoy it thoroughly. I delight in the two great rival houses, but I fain must mourn over the aggrandisement and fame of an enormous body of aliens to the utter exclusion and ruin of my gifted compatriots, who are alas! for bread and butter's sake, compelled at times to drag at fashions' tail, ay, even to twist plain Mr. into Signor, and tack an harmonious vowel to the harsh final consonant of their English surnames. Sir Charles Coldstream "et hoc genus omne," make take snuff, and yawn at the idea of there being such a commodity as indigenous musical talent amongst us Britishers, but nevertheless there it is, lying about, and only waiting to be picked up; talent that does not surely possess the mighty aids of rank, fortune, or fashion, that very "Gamp" of the age, but talent nevertheless. On this point we need be under no apprehension, we have so far little of the right elements to commence our work, but much, very much of good support from those, whose love of the science, means, and position in society, should make them lean with sympathy towards a class of men, who are their brethren, both in country and in art. Nor can we conceal from ourselves, how disagreeable a difficulty we have to meet, in the want of good union and friendship that exists amongst the profession, for without some such bond, I am firmly convinced success is impossible. And this is strange enough, for they, upon whom this last issue is so materially dependant, are those who are in every way interested in the well-doing of this enterprise, as much I trust for the honour and glory of the art they represent, as for the better filling of their mouths and pockets. It is however on this rock I fear our ship will run foul, if not split, for I do not hesitate to affirm, and I will arraign the profession as my witnesses, that as there is on the one hand a greater amount of talent in the body of English musical artists, than in most other callings; so there is assuredly, on the other, a much larger sum of jealousy, ingratitude, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. There is a total want of sympathy amongst them, the very reverse of a disposition to lean tenderly to one another's failings, the success of the one is bitterness to the other, the advancement of one member a sure card to generate the envy and ill will of his neighbour. As in every case so in this; there are many happy exceptions, but take the profession *en masse*, their want of goodfellowship is a proverb, even amongst themselves. But I must not be misunderstood. I do not say, nor do I think, the unity we ought so much to covet is impossible. If it be so, I do believe, as I said before, the permanent establishment of a National Opera is also impossible, at all events at this present time. It is fatal to allow ourselves to be influenced by the success attendant on foreign opera houses or theatres. They are set fairly afloat. We have not as yet stirred one foot from our moorings. The skilful guidance of a vessel out of port, which is surrounded by rocks and shoals, and the direction of it in smooth water, when past all immediate danger, are two very different things. Our undertaking just now presents no feature in common with



other establishments. We have nearly everything to make, with scarcely anything at hand. Our difficulties soar one above the other; powerful rivalry, prejudice, and a host of evil spirits, will do their worst to foil us, and our only chance is to make ourselves fully aware of the danger, and to meet it steadily and boldly. We may be as hopeful and earnest as possible, but without screening one iota of the true state of our position, and when we examine the one sheet that exhibits the possibility of gain, we must instantly turn to the other, that sets forth the possibility of loss. There are scores of males and females, who as Puff shrewdly remarks, "never take the trouble of judging for themselves." These characters will require much to persuade them, an English throat may perchance warble full as sweet as an Italian's, or that they are very wrong indeed to constitute fashion their Queen, in place of their subject. When we can then fully appreciate our present position, understanding how mainly dependant we are one upon the other, we shall have made a grand step towards maturing, at all events, the preface of our work, and a good preface is very often half the battle. But if on the other hand, Mr. Second Violin Jones, is to put on his war paint, and brandish a tomahawk because Mr. Second Violin Smith is to play two desks higher than himself; if Mr. Double Bass Stiggins refuses to play under Double Bass Wiggins, and in accepting two pounds ten shillings per week, insists, that it is "*position*" he only cares for, and "*position*" he must have at any sacrifice; if, in fine, we are all preparing to stifle for this, that, and the other, and run counter to everybody who does not entertain the exact views we ourselves hold, it will be better, far better, for the profession, and the public at large, to leave posterity the task of supplying, what is now supposed by some, and denied by others, to be a desideratum.

The possibility of obtaining a government grant for the formation and support of a National Lyric Establishment has I believe been mooted more than once, but I cannot remember that the subject has ever as yet been placed in its proper light, before proper persons, that is to say, before those whose rank and influence qualify them to advance matters. We have seen within the last few years, a vast and eumbrous pile erected at a prodigious expence for the reception of the choicest works by the greatest masters, many of which have been purchased at the price of a handsome fortune. True it is that the three sisters,—Poetry, Painting, and Music, walk hand in hand in *name*; but now-a-days in *fact*, the case is widely different, the first seems but little appreciated, and has gone sadly out of date, the second is housed and tended by a refined and polite nation; while the third, inasmuch as national character and claims are concerned, is forced to seek a crust and shelter where it may. We have institutions in plenty, but not one for the shewing forth and development of English musical genius. I do not give a *thought* to the Royal Academy, for wherein is the use of instruction, if the fruits of that instruction cannot be made manifest. The Royal Academy of Painting is another affair altogether. In the case of talent, *that* institution may be but the stepping stone to the adjoining rooms, and whether it prove so or not, matters but little to the man of genius and industry. His fame is reaped, and money paid year by year. In musical matters England neither does herself credit nor us justice. She shews forth her national love, by importing whole shoals of foreign singers, fiddlers, dancers, and actors, by expending enormous sums, not in supplying their wants, but in pandering to their luxuries, and very often vices, and by discarding the claims of those who only rightly have a claim. It is impossible to advise just now any measure, by which this most important matter of a government grant may be well and advisedly brought forward. Doubtless there are wise and experienced heads, who have the subject at

heart, and who are capable of treating it. It is to my opinion one of the first features to be attended to. It must be entered upon with full consideration, and all efforts must be directed in the proper quarter. If this be done, I by no means despair of success, for I have often thought if the circumstances of the case had been placed in their true light by men of influence and position, whose love of the divine art would have made them earnest in the cause, we need not now have been speculating upon possibilities.

The choice of a head man or manager involves again no small difficulty. The proverb tells us, "In the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom," but, as far as operatic and theatrical management is concerned, there never was a graver error. There must be but one prime minister, with a good working cabinet at his elbow. The essential attributes for such a position are numerous,—diplomacy, a certain amount of musical capability (not genius, that would be dangerous), decision, prudence, shrewdness, knowledge of the world, and of theatrical matters in general, and if possible, honesty. Oliver Goldsmith's remarks on this head delivered nearly a century ago, are full as applicable at this present day. Alluding to the Italian Opera as at that time existing in London, he writes:—"How-ever upon the whole I know not whether ever operas can be kept up in England; they seem to be entirely exotic, and require the nicest management and care. Instead of this, the care of them is assigned to men unacquainted with the genius and disposition of the people they would amuse, and whose only motives are immediate gain. There are of course men fully qualified to conduct the administration of affairs, but it is a difficult matter to put one's hand upon them, so few in this reprobate world have characters to lose, so many reputations to make."

The enormous disproportion of salaries is another principal evil. Any one acquainted with such matters must know right well what sums our principal foreign artistes are in the habit of exacting, sums that cannot fail (save in the case of the two London Operas, where subscriptions and patronage are on a grand scale) to eat up not only any profit that might accrue, but that must effectually prevent the necessary regard and attention to other *not* minor details. The due efficiency of conductor, orchestra, chorus, etc., being of far more consequence than the engagement of some one or two cormorant vocalists, on whom very often nature, *not* genius, has been lavish in her gifts.

I cite the greatest authority the world ever has, or I believe will produce, in reference to the numerical strength of an orchestra. Sixty good men and true are, I am convinced, sufficient for every purpose. We shall in this case have some chance of feeling whether the chorus are really singing, and not merely opening their mouths, a fact extremely problematical in these days of ophicleides, drums, and thunder. In regard to the chorus, much must of course depend on the works to be produced; but I would prefer a "picked staff" of strong choristers, men, who would sing out loud, clear, and in tune, to an overwhelming so-so band. With a good working number, it would be easy, under extraordinary circumstances, to enlist extra assistance, without in any way marring the effect.

A word in conclusion on the prices of admission, which should in the first instance be simply of a remunerative character; nothing more or less. I do not suggest any particular scale, for circumstances might, of course, affect a different decision; but we may rest assured, money is well known to be money in this age of events, and where a pound was little thought of years since, a sixpence is now turned over a score of times.



I fear I have trespassed very far on your space and good humour, although I have necessarily left much unsaid I wished to say. If, perchance, you should speak to the contrary, I may resume the subject at a future period. I am satisfied the success of the undertaking in question, is, under certain circumstances, feasible; but unless it be taken in hand well and steadily, and by those who are really fit to move so important a measure, we shall but experience disappointment and loss; and inflict much injury on the exponents of a science we would fain love and cherish.

H. L. C.

### THE PIANOFORTE CONTROVERSY.

Messrs Collard and Collard have sent us the following document, which we print without hesitation, as a corollary to our remarks, in a late number, on the distribution of the prize medals in the matter of Broadwood and Sons. It may be remembered that we ourselves testified to the injustice done to the Messrs. Collard, and stated that they were unanimously awarded the Council Medal by the first, or professional jury. The rescinding this verdict by the second or group jury, who were quite incapable of giving any opinion on the subject, naturally excited the indignation of the Messrs. Collard, who had every just reason to feel themselves aggrieved; and they made their protest accordingly. The document below, however, originated in the desire to set aside the erroneous impression created in the public mind by the omission of the Messrs. Collard in the first protest to the Royal Commissioners by the musical jury, all of whose names will be found appended to the protest in favour of Collard and Collard, as in the case of Broadwood and Sons, whose name alone was included in the first protest. In fact, two protests were issued by the musical jurors; the first in favour of Broadwood and Sons the second on behalf of Messrs. Collard and Collard. Of course the latter firm was not mentioned in the first protest, but many who had read it were led to the conclusion that the musical jury awarded the Council Medal only to Broadwood and Sons. Hence the publication of the accompanying document.

### PROTEST OF THE MUSICAL JURORS.

To His Royal Highness Prince Albert, K.G., President, and to the Royal Commissioners of the Great Exhibition.

May it please your Royal Highness, My Lords and Gentlemen, With reference to the memorial which the undersigned members of the Musical Jury, Class 10A, had the honour of addressing to your Royal Highness and the Royal Commissioners on the subject of the reversal or non-confirmation of their awards of the Council Medals for pianofortes at the Great Exhibition, they beg most respectfully to state, that the eminent firm of Messrs. Collard and Collard was also returned by the unanimous decision of the Musical Jury, as entitled to the Council Medal for their various improvements in pianoforte making; and for the general excellence of their instruments. The memorialists would respectfully beg leave to impress upon your Royal Highness and the Royal Commissioners, that the arguments already adduced by them in the memorial referred to, apply with equal force to the house of Collard, which, from an early period, has been most honourably distinguished in connexion with the manufacture of the pianoforte, and whose important improvements have had a beneficial and lasting influence on this branch of our manufacture: in confirmation of which and of their own awards, the undersigned would

respectfully refer your Royal Highness, and the Royal Commissioners to the accompanying list of Patent Inventions which have been introduced by the house of Collard, and which, in the opinion of the memorialists, fully entitle them to the award of the Council Medal. They have the less hesitation in thus again addressing your Royal Highness and the Royal Commissioners, as they find that public opinion has already called into question both the justice and the correctness of the awards for this section of the Exhibition, recently published under the authority of the Royal Commissioners; and that the musical public in particular attach to the memorialists the responsibility of such decisions.

While the memorialists will be ever ready to defend the integrity and soundness of their own decisions, they cannot but protest against being held responsible for those of other bodies— from whose opinions they unequivocally differ, and who however competent on other subjects, have not evinced on this the requisite knowledge to justify the reversal of the decrees of those better qualified, both by professional experience and scientific acquirements, for the more effective discharge of such duties.

HENRY B. BISHOP, Knight, (Chairman and Reporter),  
The Professor of Music at the University of Oxford.

DR. SCHAFFHAUT, Commissioner from Bavaria and Juror, Member of the Royal Academy, and Professor and Head Librarian in the University of Munich.

LE CHEVALIER SIGISMUND NEUKOMM

WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT, Professor in the Royal Academy of Music and Queen's College.

CIPRIANI POTTER, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, London.

GEORGE T. SMART, Knight, Organist and Composer of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal.

### CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE ROYAL COMMISSIONERS

(Copy, No. 1.)

"To His Royal Highness Prince Albert, K.G., etc., President, and to the Royal Commissioners of the Great Exhibition.

"May it please your Royal Highness, my Lords, and Gentlemen,— It has been intimated to us that the jurors, consisting of eminent professors of music, appointed to make the awards for the musical section of the Exhibition, had decreed to us a first class prize in respect of our pianofortes, and, moreover, that that decision had been unanimously arrived at by that body. We also learn that another jury, termed the Group Jury, consisting mainly of non-musical members, to whom that award had been subsequently submitted, had thought proper to reverse the decision, and to assign us a prize of a secondary character.

"Assuming these reports to be authentic, we lose no time in recording our protest against this proceeding, and in stating our resolution to reject any award, but the one decreed to us by the Musical Jurors—the only tribunal recognised by the musical exhibitors, as competent to form a correct opinion of the relative merits of musical instruments, and of pianofortes in particular.

"It is not for us to canvass the propriety of inviting a body of eminent men to devote their time and their talent to the discharge of an onerous and delicate duty; and afterwards of empowering another body, incompetent by reason of their non-musical acquirements, to review and reverse their decisions; nor do we seek to obtrude the merits of our instruments, to the disparagement of those of our competitors. It is sufficient for us that a body of gentlemen, known to the world for their high character and eminent professional attainments, have done us the honour to return our names as worthy of the highest distinction, and it is satisfactory to us to feel, that their verdict has been generally concurred in by a large body of the public, among which may be cited the names of some of the most eminent native and foreign professors of the age.

"At an early period we had occasion to protest against the acts of partiality evinced in favour of a foreign competitor, by the

Executive Committee, or its subordinate officers, in direct violation of the prescribed regulations,—regulations which we ourselves had most rigidly observed. Our remonstrances remained either unheeded, or received no other than a mere formal official acknowledgment; and we owe to the courtesy and friendly feeling of the Coalbrookdale Company, rather than to official justice, a position in the Exhibition for the display of our manufactures, equal to that officially conceded to our more favoured competitors, although denied to us.

"It has never been intimated to us, that it was incumbent on us to bring under the notice of the Group Jury, either the number or the character of the improvements we have introduced in our pianofortes, secured to us by patent right. Had this principle, as the ruling guide of the jurors, been promulgated (which it was not) we should have been prepared to have shown that, either for their number, or their character, or for the more recent date of introduction, our position in all these respects was in no degree subordinate to that of our competitors; but we imagined (deceitfully, as it would now appear) that the test of merit would alone be the intrinsic excellence of the instruments exhibited; and that due merit was accorded to us on that score, is sufficiently shown by the fact, that the unanimous verdict of the Musical Jury was in our favour.

"Feeling strongly that an act of injustice has been, perhaps unintentionally, inflicted upon us, we beg respectfully to urge that the decision of which we complain may be re-considered, with a view of securing to us the award, to which, after the decision of the Musical Jurors, we feel we are justly entitled; or we would respectfully request to be heard before any competent tribunal, to substantiate our claims, not only by reason of their intrinsic merit, but by our numerous patent inventions, all of which, we submit, have tended as much to the permanent improvement of the pianoforte as to the maintenance of the traditional superiority of England in this important branch of the industrial arts—a superiority which we fear not will still be sustained, notwithstanding the effect that may be produced by this temporary discouragement of English claims.

"We have the honour to remain,

"May it please your Royal Highness,

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"With profound respect,

"Your obedient humble servants,

(Signed)

"COLLARD AND COLLARD.

"26, Cheapside, Aug. 7, 1851."

(Copy, No. 2.)

"Exhibition Building, Hyde Park,  
August 13, 1851.

"Gentlemen—I am directed by Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 7th instant, on the subject of the jury award, which you state it has been intimated to you has been made in respect of the pianofortes exhibited by you.

"In reply I am directed to acquaint you that the Commissioners have at present no official cognizance of the awards of the various juries, the whole of the proceedings of which have been strictly confidential; and they are therefore not in a position to entertain the question raised in your letter.

"I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

"Your obedient Servant,

"EDGAR A. BOWRING, Acting Secretary.

"Messrs. Collard and Collard."

(Copy No. 3.)

"To His Royal Highness Prince Albert, K.G., etc., President, and the Royal Commissioners of the Great Exhibition.

"May it please your Royal Highness, my Lords, and Gentlemen—We have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your communication, dated the 13th inst., under the signature of your acting secretary, Mr. Bowring, informing us that, the awards of the juries not having come officially under your notice, you are not in a position to entertain the question raised in our letter.

"We trust when the decisions are brought officially under your cognizance, and it should be found that our anticipations in re-

spect to the awards are well founded, we may not be considered unreasonable in again respectfully soliciting your attention to the facts laid before you in our letter of the 7th inst., especially as we have since learned that no less than three great medals have been awarded among the few organs exhibited; while for pianofortes, one of the staples of our commerce, and of which there are nearly two hundred specimens, contributed by upwards of one hundred exhibitors, the award has been limited to one great medal; an anomaly which, we conceive, is perfectly irreconcilable with the comparative commercial importance of the two instruments.

"We beg to tender our most respectful apologies for again trespassing on your attention, and

"We have the honour to be,

"May it please your Royal Highness,

"My Lords, and Gentlemen,

"With profound respect,

"Your most obedient humble servants,

(Signed)

"COLLARD AND COLLARD.

"26, Cheapside, Aug. 18, 1851."

Appended to the paper is a list of the dates and particulars of patents assigned to Messrs. Collard and Collard, the period of which ranges from 1829 to 1847.

## MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Mr. Charles Hallé's Second Classical Chamber Concert took place on Thursday the 6th. The programme was as follows:—

|   |              |
|---|--------------|
| Part First.—Grand trio, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, (in D, op. 70, No. 1) ... ..   | Beethoven.   |
| Scena, <i>Der Freyschutz</i> , ... ..   | Weber.       |
| Grand Sonata, pianoforte (in E flat, Op. 33), ... ..  | Beethoven.   |
| Part Second.—Grand trio, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (in E flat, op. 100), ... ..   | Schubert.    |
| Song, <i>Nina</i> , ... ..  | Hobbs.       |
| Miscellaneous Selection, Pianoforte, Presto scherzando (in F sharp, minor); Lieder ohne Worte (in E major and C major, 6th book) ... .. | Mendelssohn. |

Every succeeding concert of Hallé's seems greater than the last; yet to listen to such a concert as the one above given on the 6th instant, one would think it impossible to surpass it. Hallé shows his thoughtful attention to his friends and subscribers even in minor matters, for the Town Hall was not a little improved since the former occasion, by a different arrangement of the seats, by the floor being carpeted, and last, not least, by the covered part of the dome being shut out with a covering of glazed crimson calico, a manifest improvement, the performance being much more distinctly heard. The programme, as will be seen, was of first rate quality, admirably selected by Hallé to give specimens of the more choice of these compositions for chamber performance. A trio and solo sonata of Beethoven—that remarkable trio of F. Schubert, which he introduced to us last season—and a short selection, as usual, to finish with for himself on the pianoforte (not too greatly contrasted, as by a mispunctuation we were made to say of Chopin's nocturne and polonaise last concert) but greatly contrasted, and so much the more delightful on that very account. Hallé, Baetens, and Lidel were all evidently in good vein, and the opening trio was gloriously played; it was the perfection of performance in concert on three instruments, as near as we can imagine it. The *allegro* was so charmingly conversational, we might with very little stretching imagine the three instruments sentient beings holding a most delightful colloquy. Then the *Largo*—again the same intimate relations—but a more subdued and serious tone is given to the converse between them, which rises by degrees into a hymnal strain of as fine harmony as ever Beethoven produced. All wound up by the *presto finale* into a perfect poem.

The sonata, op. 30, is a very fine one, and to say that Hallé played it, is needless; to say how he played it, is no less so. We were greatly delighted, though in especial with the *minuetto* and



its grand *motivo*. Hallé made the subject to sing out from the instrument with his right hand so expressively; it was altogether a great treat.

Schubert's clever and brilliant composition was better performed than ever—all three artists seemed to glory in mastering its difficulties, and showing the trio with all its beauties to advantage. It is quite unnecessary to select one movement for any particular mention, they are all so good, differing though they do from each other; we know no trio which so well displays each instrument in every style of playing adapted to this class of composition. Schubert seems to have brought them all in, yet all are introduced appropriately, easily, and effectively; the various subjects are all melodious, and are worked up in the most provokingly, teasing, and tantalizing manner—now on one instrument, now on the other, then on the pianoforte, next in combination. But it should be heard—and by such players, nothing less—certainly no *pen* can do justice to it. Being so elaborate it is necessarily long, as long as a symphony, some forty minutes or so in the performance, yet the audience were interested to the last. The pianoforte selection was entirely from Mendelssohn—a presto movement in F sharp minor, and two of the songs without words from his sixth book (E major and C major), each of which was highly relished by the refined and appreciating auditory, and loudly applauded. Mr. Perring had the distinction of again being selected as the vocalist, and he proved that he was worthy of it by his performance. His first effort was a trying one, the magnificent tenor scene from *Der Freischütz*, "Through the forest, through the meadow," which he gave in Italian, and which we liked no better for his doing so. He sang the melody very sweetly indeed; but the impassioned and agitated movements in this difficult scene require somewhat more force and energy than nature has gifted Mr. Perring with; still he manages his voice well—never offends, and never tries to do more than he can accomplish. There is an earnestness too, and a distinctness in his expression, which renders his delivery peculiarly agreeable. His second song, Hobb's "Nina," got considerable applause—the sweet telling quality of his voice, his perfect intonation and purity of style, well deserved it. He was accompanied in both songs most ably by Mr. R. Andrews on the pianoforte. The room was well filled, and the audience seemed all delighted with this charming chamber concert.

The next concert, we see, takes place on Thursday, the 20th instant. We are glad to see that Mr. Perring is engaged for the next dress concert and ball on Monday, the 17th instant, to sing in company with Miss Birch and her sister, and Mr. H. Phillips. Our new tenor is evidently becoming a favourite in Manchester. Most inadvertently we have done injustice to some two clever artists—Signori Paltoni and Stigelli, who were both in the Italian Opera Company lately here. The fact was they did not appear either of them, in the only opera we saw, viz., *Lucrezia Borgia*. Stigelli we never heard—but Paltoni is an old established favourite in Manchester, having been on the boards of our old Theatre Royal in Italian opera some fourteen or fifteen years ago, and we have since heard him with pleasure many a time and oft at concerts at the Free Trade Hall and elsewhere. We regret not having seen his *Dulcamara* and his *Figaro*.

On Tuesday evening last, we went to hear Balfe's ever popular and pleasing *Bohemian Girl*, at our Theatre Royal. Allen was the Thaddeus; Whitworth, Count Arnheim; Miss R. Isaacs, Arline; Miss S. Kenneth the Queen of the Gypsies; and Delavanti, Devils-hoof. It was a very satisfactory performance; Allen's voice shews symptoms of wear and tear, but his dramatic feeling and expression place him still at the head of all our acting tenors; the feeling and finish he infused into, "With other lips," quite made it another affair, and produced a rapturous encore. Pretty nearly the same thing may be said of the song:—

"When the fair land of Poland."

It was given with greater dramatic force than we ever heard it, especially the lines:—

"My birth is noble, unstained my crest,  
As thine own, let this attest."

The encore was vociferous and unanimous. Miss Isaacs won a well

merited encore for the neatness with which she gave the well known, "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," and the spirit she infused into the aria with chorus, "I am the Gypsy Bride." Delavanti made a capital Devils-hoof; his make up and bye-play were excellent, and his singing very serviceable in the concerted pieces. Whitworth was most respectable as Count Arnheim, and sang well "The heart bowed down," and all the music allotted to him. With a word of praise to Miss S. Kenneth—the chorus (which were very good, especially trebles and tenor)—thanks to Mr. Anthony and band—thanks to Mr. Seymour, we must conclude. All the principals were recalled.

(From a Correspondent).—In accordance with an established rule of the society, the members of the Gentlemen's Glee Club held their usual monthly meeting on Thursday last, when we were glad to find the large room of the Albion Hotel well filled. Mrs. Sunderland, and Mr. Perring, the now resident tenor here, had been engaged in addition to the regular choir. We were never more painfully impressed with the fact that our vocal singers are sadly deceiving themselves in supposing they have a claim to rank high in this branch of art, for although this Club did at one time stand perhaps the highest in the kingdom of its class, in later years, the *materiel* has been gradually sinking, and we have but little hope of ever again bearing the pure glee given with all that intelligence and point which so strongly characterised the palmy days of the veteran "Daddy" of the Club, and his worthy co-mates. With this we pass on to remark that the meeting of which we are now speaking may (taking the applause of the company as a criterion) be considered more than usually successful. Mrs. Sunderland, the "people's" vocalist of the northern provinces, was never a favourite of ours. In her part singing we lose all that beautiful blending of the single voice for the effect of the whole, an absence of that sympathy which so strongly pervaded all the efforts of the clever Glee and Madrigal Union of but a few weeks past. Here this lady will always be more successful in the concert room than in the quiet glee club. Of Mr. Perring we can only say he fully justified all that we have before said of him, and his reception by this rather fastidious company was most unequivocal and complete. After supper a variety of songs and catches were given, and the hilarity of the evening considerably heightened by the introduction of Mr. Delavanti, who gave several of Hutton's songs with much humour. The series of cheap "concerts for the people," at the Free Trade Hall, are already beginning to manifest a want of novelty and variety in their schemes, although the audiences are rather on the increase than otherwise. The conductor does his best with his somewhat refractory forces, for there is no mistaking it, that the choir, altogether, this year, is not by many degrees equal to former seasons, the basses alone being good. Of the trebles it were charity to say nothing, while the tenors at all times appear as if they were "lost in a fog." This may, in part, be owing to the scenery which has been placed on the platform or orchestra, and which we are rather disposed to believe, as the two leading principals who have sung at former seasons do not now appear to be gaining in popularity, but rather the contrary, if we may judge from the reception each Monday evening, which is often of late a compliment very like "cold porridge." Miss Shaw does not possess sufficient qualification for the position she has assumed or been thrust into, we know not which. As principal soprano of these concerts, her first appearance before the public was premature and ill-judged. With young artists this is at all times a dangerous experiment, and, in the present instance, a fact only too painfully proved. Young ladies' talents are often precipitately brought before the public, and are by them indiscreetly applauded; the result is, that pride and vanity are engendered, and no further pains for improvement are deemed necessary. Mrs. Thomas does not fulfil the expectations formed of her in past seasons. We would also counsel her to abandon the shake until she has thoroughly mastered it. We feel these remarks to be due to the individuals we have commented on, and not less to the musical conductor, who must be aware that the concerts, with the exception of Messrs. Perring and Delavanti, are by no means equal to former seasons. The opening piece usually

The late much respected Mr. Isherwood.

played on the organ, we would gladly sacrifice for something more in accordance with the instrument. Surely there is good organ music to be found.

### Original Correspondence.

#### ANDANTE AND ANDANTINO.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—The above words seem destined to inspire confusion. I sent you an article upon their relative meaning. In that article I unfortunately attributed to the two "supplements" of the "Dictionnaire de l'Académie," and to "Leveau's Dictionnaire de la Langue Française," an explanation of "Andantino" as slower than "Andante," whereas, in truth, these authorities all make it "quicker" than Andante. I soon afterwards discovered my error, and immediately corrected it in a fresh cast of the article in full time for insertion; unfortunately, instead of inserting the corrected article, you inserted the one I first sent you. In justice to you, to the public, and to myself, I desire to correct the error; and, not to occupy too much of your space, I will state how the matter stands as shortly as possible. Alberti, Lichtenenthal, and the above French dictionaries, make Andantino quicker than Andante, and Messrs. Merou and Lafage very peremptorily maintain the same opinion. These latter gentlemen, however, state that many composers (beaucoup de Compositeurs) use "Andantino" to express a slower time than "Andante." I find also in Clementi's Gradus ad Parnassum, Andantino expressly given as slower than Andante; and there can be no higher authority. I also must mention to you the "Andantino Sostenuto Cantabile" in Mozart's fourth Stanza for pianoforte and violin, in E flat (Pleyel's edition), which from its character cannot possibly (I think) be meant to be played faster than Andante. Lastly, I would speak of the words themselves. Andante, from Andare to go, signifies an onward movement, and its diminutive Andantino must signify a diminution of that onward movement; in other words a slower time, just as Allegretto, diminutive of Allegro, signifies a slower time than Allegro; and Larghetto, a diminutive of Largo (which signifies a slow time) signifies a quicker time than Largo. In Beethoven's third trio, opera 1, in C minor, marked Andante, part of the movement is marked piu Andante, and this is always played, as it ought to be, faster than the other part of the movement. Now if piu Andante signifies faster, the diminutive must signify meno Andante, that is slower.

In this so widely spread difference of understanding, we can therefore only form the best opinion in our power of what a composer meant by Andantino; but I think I have shewn that the true sense of Andantino must mean a slower time than Andante; at the same time there are many good authorities for this, its proper meaning.

I have been driven to more repetition than I could wish, but I wish to do my best to put the matter on its true footing.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

AN OLD AMATEUR.

Nov. 11th, 1851.

#### GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—To commence where I left off last week. Those who volunteered to expound the means of effecting the purification and elevation of church music, instead of urging on the attention of the clergy the propriety of studying music in its present advanced and improved state, and so entitling themselves to willing recognition as the "chief musician" in their churches—those rather to advocate a depression of the highest standard of church music; a course which, while it rendered a knowledge of "the science" of music more easy of attainment, certainly lessened its value when acquired, and scarcely entitled its possessor to the distinction of chief

musician in the old spirit, whatever it might do in regard to the mere form. The Gregorian Chants offered the most appropriate materials wherewith to commence the work of musical retrogradation. And most cleverly was the commencement made, too. The said chants were raked out, and plausible pretexts invented on which to justify their revival, and to urge their acceptance by the laity. They were said to be essentially "the people's song," "the birth-right of the people"—and so forth; and most particularly that they were far easier to sing than any other kind of chant. This solicitation to see "the rights of the people" restored to them, and their "ease and comfort" studied, took immediately in some quarters. The disinterestedness of the ultra high church clergy was highly extolled, and an eager desire to accept their suggestion exhibited accordingly.

But how have matters turned out? Were the clergy acting with the singleness of heart, for the interest of "the people," as they affected to be? By no means. A return to those chants—so particularly suited to uncultivated voices and uncultivated ears—was said to be made for "the people's" sake; although it is well known that such voices and ears exist to a greater extent among the clergy themselves than among any other class of men whatever. But the *ruse* was not perceived by many; and some of the laity were induced to consent to the introduction of those chants.

This being done, the real design of the movement now began to appear. The clergy were able to sing these chants, and by doing so, were made to appear as the leaders of the voices of the congregation. Here the first step was gained by the party towards their real object, the establishment of an ecclesiastical "chief musicianship." The next thing was the announcement that the reciting note of the chant had no fixed pitch, but might be raised or lowered as might be found most convenient to "the priest and people." So now it came out that the voice of the people, whose comfort had been, it was pretended, so much consulted, was now liable to be dragged to all parts of the gamut, according as "the priest's" voice might be high alto or deep bass. If they could not follow him they might hold their tongues: all was being done for the comfort and convenience of—the people. So much for ecclesiastical "disinterestedness." It is not many months since I heard a "priest" in the fullness of his zeal and musical innocence, start a Gregorian Chant on a note which he afterwards found he himself could not sustain; so in the course of a few short verses he was obliged to lower the pitch of the reciting note gradually to the extent of a fourth. The voice of "the people"—which latter were in the full enjoyment of their "rights" and privileges—was also dragged down to the same extent by the assistance of their chief musician.

At the present time, the leaders of the movement are busily engaged in exhuming medieval hymn tunes, equal in sublimity, it is said, to the Gregorian Chants, which is excessively possible. These products from "the diggings" in Missals and Breviaries will be attempted to be forced on the acceptance of "the people," accompanied, no doubt, by the customary professions of "disinterestedness;" but before professed musicians lend their aid to forward the success of this second step towards the entire degradation of the music of the church, it will be well for them to take a lesson from the past, and consider what may be the probable consequences of the success of the scheme about to be submitted to them, in common with the laity generally.

When the medieval hymn tunes are accepted, the magnificent corales of the Reformed Church will be condemned. In the same manner that the Gregorian Chants were intended to supersede the best Anglican Chants, the medieval hymn tunes are designed to supplant our glorious Protestant psalm tunes; and those who give their assistance to the revival of what was at the Reformation by general act laid aside, will be but hastening this consummation.

Then observe what may follow. Gregorian Chants being the productions of a Pope, and the medieval hymns of priests, it may then be said that the best church music is admitted to be that composed by ecclesiastics. And this assertion may, perhaps, be backed up by the professional recognition of competent but unwary organists.

The question concerning the transposition of the Gregorian Chants, and other matters connected with them, can be discussed at a future opportunity.



Here will be the first clear claim for ecclesiastical chief musicianship. Next, music being carried back a thousand years, and the rules of "the science" once again reduced to a primitive state, and capable of mastery by those of the smallest aptitude, here will be a chance for a second claim for ecclesiastical musicianship.

In a word, church music will again be placed in the same shackles which for so many centuries utterly checked its progress. The priesthood of the middle ages, if they kept music at a stand still, yet cultivated it to the extent it then reached. The English priesthood of the present day are doing nothing of the kind. They will not recognise the precedent set by Pope Gregory, although they acknowledge him in another way by accepting his chants.

Until the clergy of the Church of England, then, by principles entirely different from those they are now pursuing, entitle themselves to the distinction which they as a body have the ambition but not the attainments, still less the "spirit" to attain, there is no sort of reason why the laity should entrust the entire regulation of the music of the church to those who at present are only prepared to abuse that power.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

Nov. 12th, 1851.

#### BURNER'S HISTORY OF MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Wisbech, Nov. 8, 1851.

SIR,—It seems I made a misstatement in saying, a few days ago, that Dr. Burner's History of Music had been recently published by Bohn. This I regret, and must apologise for. I had seen the work announced as preparing for publication, in Mr. Bohn's advertisements, and concluded it had appeared accordingly.

Yours truly,

B.

#### MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS AND HIS WELSH MELODIES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I have been in the habit of teaching, for a few years back, a selection of Welsh melodies, arranged by Mr. B. Richards; I sent to town a few days ago for a fresh supply to a music seller, when to my surprise he sends me the same airs, newly arranged by the same composer, but totally different in every way.

It must prove a serious detriment to the music publishers of both sets of Welsh melodies, besides being a subject of annoyance to your obedient servant,

Birmingham.

A COUNTRY PROFESSOR.

P.S.—Surely Mr. Richards might have found other subjects to display his ability on, without reiterating the same tunes over again. The Principality is not so deficient of good melodies.

#### THE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Brighton, Nov. 15, 1851.

SIR,—Is there no friend to the above Society to give the council some advice to prevent them from giving their last concert? They have started with the understanding that new and untried compositions were to be the features of the undertaking. I have the programme before me, and with the single exception of Mr. G. Macfarren's overture (Don Carlos), certainly a very great novelty, what new or untried work is to be heard besides? It is hoped the concertgoers are not trying to make it a society of mutual applause. Weber's Precious, and Mendelssohn's symphony in A, are, no doubt, classical works, but are they unknown to the amateur and professor; while the vocal music announced to be sung has been heard for years in London, at every concert bordering on respectability. Are there not composers whose works have never been heard in London, both native and foreign, for which the amateur and professor would gladly support any society, strictly adhering to

the point—that the said unheard works should have the preference to a hearing, instead of what has been performed over and over again for years back. They have made another grand mistake, charging the public 10s. 6d. for a single admission. If they mean to keep it amongst themselves, they could not go a better way to work. There is not that great difference either in talent or music, between the Orchestral Society and the Promenade Concert at Drury Lane, that should warrant them charging the public over ten times as much. If they were admitted for 2s. or 2s. 6d. (even that sum I doubt, under present circumstances, whether they would pay), it might be a helping hand towards popularizing the art in a slight degree; but considering the present state of music, it is, their charging the sum announced for admission, as bad as a baker charging 2s. 6d. for a half quarter loaf, the present price of flour under free trade considered, and I fear they have just as much chance of customers as the baker that would attempt such an extortion.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

#### ANDANTE AND ANDANTINO.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—As some of your readers appear to be in a state of doubt and uncertainty as to the relative meaning of the words "andante" and "andantino," and as an "Old Amateur," in a letter betraying both learning and research, gives reasons and authorities on both sides of the question, perhaps you will allow me to suggest that when words are used as terms of art, their literal meaning, as applied to language generally, becomes quite a secondary consideration; and a word applied to art has a distinctive, and often different meaning to the same word as applied to general language; therefore references to dictionaries will generally mislead.

The word andante as applied to music, will, I think, be generally admitted to mean slow; and as it will also be admitted that andantino is the diminutive of andante, it necessarily follows that andantino means less slow, and therefore indicates a quicker movement than andante.

Even before the invention of the metronome, words of this kind were used as much to indicate the spirit and expression as the speed of the movement; and as now the use of the metronome is quite general, their meaning as the degrees of movement is altogether unimportant.

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

Newark, November 12, 1851.

EDWARD DEARLE.

#### Reviews of Music.

##### "BEAUTIES OF CAMBRIA."

- No. 1. "The Live-Long Night" (Ar hyd y nos).
- " 2. "Margaret's Daughter" (Morch megin).
- " 3. "The Ash Grove" (Llwyn onnen).
- " 4. "Sweet Richard" (Richard Melys).
- " 5. "Lady Owen's Delight" (Pleser arglwyddes owen).
- " 6. "The March of the Men of Harlech" (gor Hoffid-gu'r Harlech).

Arranged as Divertimentos for the Pianoforte by H. B. Richards. Leoni Lee and Coxhead.

These six pieces belong to an entirely different class of music from that in which we ranked some compositions of Mr. Richards' in our review of last week, they being obviously designed for the purpose of bringing the beauties of Cambria within the capacity of pianoforte players at a very early stage of proficiency. To such executants they offer the attraction of the highly-esteemed national melodies, alternated and relieved with a variety of graceful passages calculated to strengthen the finger and form the taste. There is more merit in writing easy music than the world is gene-

rally willing to allow; this is proved by the fact that though we should never look for beauties in what may be properly considered as elementary works, we see not many publications of this class in which there are not faults as striking as to manifest themselves without our looking for them. The more praise is therefore due to a writer who, with the limited means to which he must prescribe himself in composing for beginners, can produce some degree of effects and avoid everything that can offend the most scrupulous criticism.

These arrangements fulfil all the purposes for which they can have been designed, and we confidently recommend them to the attention of teachers.

**DEUX VAISES STYRIENNES**—Pour le Piano par W. GRILLIERS. Op. 1.

**"NATIONAL MORAVIAN MARCH"**—For the Pianoforte, composed by W. GRILLIERS. Op. 2.

**"THE IMPERIAL MAZURKA"**—For the Pianoforte, composed by WILLIAM GRILLIERS. Op. 3. Rüst and Stahl.

Mr. Grilliers makes a good beginning as a writer of graceful trifles in these, which the title-pages announce to be, his first publications. Op. 1 pleases us decidedly the best, but our preference of these Waltzes over the Mazurka Op. 3, we admit to be only a matter of taste, while we pronounce the March Op. 2, to be inferior to both, inasmuch as it aims at more, and accomplishes less. This young composer has evidently a natural facility for melody, and his music lies well for the instrument.

**"HYMN OF PRAISE FOR ALL NATIONS"**—A Sacred Cantata for four voices, with Chorus and an Accompaniment for the Organ or Pianoforte; the words chiefly selected from the Holy Scriptures; the music by THOMAS LEYD FOWLE. J. A. Novello.

This is also the first production of a young composer, who disarms criticism of its severity by declaring in his preface that "while he did not dare to aim at anything great, he was wishful to commemorate in as simple and pleasing a manner as he could," &c., &c. After this we of course expect not greatness; we certainly find simplicity, and we doubt not but that the work may be pleasing to some. It consists of a march, several choruses, a quartet, a duet, and a song, all of which have the characteristic of brevity. We consider the quartet, "Oh Lord save thy people," with the symphony that precedes it, as the most original part of the composition, and to us it is by far the most pleasing. Mr. Fowle has a long list of subscribers, whom he thanks gracefully in his preface, and he dedicates his Sacred Cantata to the Queen of England and all her assembled guests from the four quarters of the globe.

G. A. M.

### Dramatic.

**SADLER'S WELLS.**—The management here is unusually active, and comedy at length seems to be in the ascendant at the theatre. Scarcely is the ink dry with which we announced the appearance of Miss Fanny Vining, a promising votress of Thalia, than we have to notice the return of Miss Fitzpatrick, the young lady who, two years ago, at Sadler's Wells, so successfully filled Mrs. Nisbett's line of characters. The play was *The Love Chase*, and we need say no more of Miss Fitzpatrick at present, than that she had a most gratifying reception, that she looks, plays, and dresses as well as ever—for we remember her to be an accomplished mistress of the toilet. The piece was unusually well played. Mr. Barnett is probably the best Sir William Fondlove (except Mr. Farren) that the stage at present possesses; and Mrs. Marston (now that Mrs. Glover is gone) the best Widow Green. Miss Frost was the Lydia. She is very young, exceedingly pretty, both in face and person, and, allowing for her extreme youth, evinced a graceful and delicate perception of the character.

**SUMMARY.**—From the comparatively thin houses that have attended the performance of *Ernani*, its production must be considered as at least a partial failure; in short, the music of Verdi—young Verdi, as the Italians call him—which was to bring another spring-tide, and actual abundance to the art, turns out to be nothing but the very sear and yellow leaf of modern Italianism. *Ernani* is Verdi's best opera; but if it contain fewer imitations of worthless models, and less noise and bombast than his other works, yet, like them, it leaves the imagination untouched, and the passions cold.

"We cannot blame, indeed, but we may sleep."

The exceptions to this general characteristic are few. The chief one is perhaps the little chorus in the masquerading scene, commencing the last act. This chorus is elegant and fanciful, and would make graceful dance music. The performance was excellent throughout. The *mise-en-scène* was admirable; and the performers being the usual ones, were, of course, as usual. The encore—the only one during the evening—of the concluding *terzetto*, was due less to the music than to the spirited acting of Miss Romer, who, moreover, looked exceedingly well in her bridal dress.

A new opera is advertised, and *Masaniello* and *La Gazza Ladra* are both talked of. The new piece, called *Pride*, or *the Curse*, gives occasion for some excellent acting on the part of Mr. Mead.

If the success of *Ernani* has been doubtful, not so that of *Fra Diavolo*, produced on Monday last to a house crammed to excess, a fact alike honourable to public taste, and to the spirit which can discover and foster it. The opera presented us, as usual, with Mr. Travers and Miss Poole. The gentleman obtained a loud and well-deserved encore in the popular serenade, "Young Agnes, blooming flower," the lady receiving the like honour in the song at the beginning of the second act; while her ease and nonchalance during the cavatina, in which she makes her night toilet, excited the merriment and applause of the audience. Miss Poole never forgets the histrionic side of her duties.

*Midas*, with its quaint old English melodies, and Miss Poole for Apollo, has been played with *Ernani* for the purpose, we presume, of helping on the latter to the end of the week, when, let us hope, we shall hear no more of Verdi, at least for the time to come.

### Foreign.

(From our Correspondent.)

**PARIS.**—The much talked of engagement of Lola Montes with Mr. Barnum, has, it appears, not been concluded, as the lady in question has been dancing at several of the provincial theatres, and lately at Lyons, with considerable success. The *Salut Public* of Lyons publishes a warlike epistle from the Countess of Landsfeldt to Dr. Veron of the *Constitutionnel*, in consequence of some sarcastic remarks upon her, which appeared in his journal, in which she warns the Doctor, that in case of the attacks upon her in the *Constitutionnel* being continued, she will send him a challenge to fight a duel—not with the sword or pistol, but arms more familiar to him, two pills—one of them poisoned, each of the combatants to swallow one! Whether this letter be *bona fide*, or a pleasantry on the part of the *Salut Public*, we have no means of knowing, but the joke is a good one. An American journal states that the Countess has declined to being *Barnumized* in America, and has made an engagement with Mr. Barry of "The Broadway" New York, to appear at that theatre in the month of Decem-



ber. The fair Lola will dance in Paris before her departure.

LYONS, 17th October.—The Countess of Lansfeldt gave one representation here lately. She had addressed the following letter to a French newspaper:—“To A. M. Veron, editor and proprietor of the *Constitutionnel*. Here are two occasions, within two months, on which your journal has made me the subject of its articles. The first does not designate me by name, but the least intelligent reader can perceive that it is I who am meant, and to avoid the responsibility you stated that you had extracted it from an English journal. The English writers are not so perfidious. The second article (a Belgian counterfeit) bears no name, and for this reason I require you to insert my reply to your very ill-conceived sneers; for I know not what I have done to merit them. First, then, sir, I do not know how to swim. You would be my master in politics. Second, my correspondence with high personages, is worth considerably more than yours as a tragedian. Third, as to poniards or pistols, I don't know the use of them, but your journal possesses weapons still more powerful—falsehood, ridicule, and perfidy; you will let nothing pass to avenge yourself upon an unprotected woman. This is neither frank nor manly. If you continue, sir, I will see myself compelled to send you my card, with a witness, to put a stop to your contemptible animosity; but it is not to the pistol I shall appeal; I shall act in a manner more germane to such a combat. I offer to you the choice of one, I taking the other, of two pills in a box, one of which shall be poisoned; and you cannot surely refuse a duel with arms which are so familiar to you. I have the honour to salute, LOLA MONTES.”

NEW YORK, October 25.—Catherine Hayes is still in Boston, and will remain there, we understand, until the end of next week, when she will return to New York. We are happy to record the fact, that the warm eulogiums bestowed upon the artistic efforts of Catherine Hayes in this city have been fully endorsed by the Providence and Boston journals; the beauties, natural and artistic, which we pointed out after her first appearance, have been dwelt, and commented on, by the most able of the Boston critics, and there is scarcely a shade of difference in the opinions set forth. In fact, the merits of Catherine Hayes, stand forward in bold relief; that it is only those that will not see, that do not acknowledge them. Those who cavil, have to cavil upon hair-breadths, and pin's-points, or are obliged to manufacture, for the occasion, some new rule of art, by which to condemn a fault that does not exist.

There are many of our great critical authorities who have a fit of indigestion if they cannot pick some great or little hole in the artist's coat; and this very tendency to spleen, which they mistake for critical acumen, generates a dissatisfaction in their own minds, which is invariably, and very generously, put down to the credit of the artist. Most of the slashing articles which are remarkable for every thing but justice, originated in this way, and should therefore be read with considerable suspicion. Boston has, we understand, one grumbler, who can see nothing good in Catherine Hayes, or any of her party. Well, New York had several unbelievers in the first instance, but, one by one they retired from their hostile position, and eventually yielded to the fascination, which, in verity they could not resist, and acknowledge that power of truth and nature by which Catherine Hayes sways the multitude. Besides, the public voice is omnipotent, and though one voice may turn the popular tide, if it speak truths, palpable truths, it effects nothing, talk it never so loud, if it be raised only in the spirit of cavil, and contrary to fact. The public voice is with Catherine Hayes, and that is certain success, and the best kind of success; for so long as the principle is not vicious it will

teach and delight thousands, while the ultra-purist in art will only influence the smallest possible minority.

The concerts of Catherine Hayes in Boston have been crowded to the utmost by the *elite* of the city, and the pecuniary result has, we have no doubt, been satisfactory in the highest degree. In Providence the rush for tickets was immense; every seat in the hall was occupied, and high prices were paid for standing-room. So great was the impression made by her singing, that a repetition of the concert was unanimously demanded, and Mr. J. H. Wardwell announced to the public assembled, that Miss Hayes would repeat her concert in Providence at the earliest possible moment. Catherine Hayes' success in this country is a settled fact; there is nothing to stay her triumphant course from Maine to Georgia. We wish her all possible success; we have taken a lively interest in her career from the first moment she came to the country, and it is pleasant to find our impressions confirmed and our prognostications verified.

Messrs. Augustus Braham and Herr Mengis have been received by our Boston friends, with much more kindness and consideration, than was awarded them in this city. In Boston they have been judged by their merits and not by comparison.

We understand that Catherine Hayes will appear at Tripler Hall, on Monday, November 3rd, that she will only give two or three concerts before proceeding to Philadelphia and Baltimore. It was rumoured, and we hoped and believed, that she was to appear, positively, in opera, in the latter part of November, or the 1st of December, but judging from appearances, there is little prospect of so rich a treat. We fear that her operatic greatness will remain as a sealed book to us.

MADAME THILLON.—Niblo's has been crowded to excess and the plaudits bestowed upon Madame Thillon, have been not merely the formal recognition of the presence of genius, but the warm and spontaneous effusions of the heart. Mr. Niblo, who deserves infinite credit for his shrewdness in effecting an engagement with this “bright, particular star,” desires to obtain from her an immediate re-engagement; but her previous arrangements made for Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities, preclude the possibility of a New York audience having her again for some time to come. She is one of those few artists that never weary by their performances, because they are true to nature, like a beautiful landscape, which imparts pleasure every time it is beheld. Hence the fact that she has performed so many as two hundred times in a single character, in one season, in London. In Paris, and in the British metropolis, she has been equally triumphant, and the critics of both countries have been unanimous in their judgment as to her incomparable charms, while the subtlety and versatility of those charms have defied the art of criticism to analyse them. It is not this or that feature in her performance, but the *tout ensemble*—like the statue of Venus de Medici—that dazzles and captivates the spectator.

Madame Thillon was born in Calcutta, of English parents, but was brought up in France from the age of fourteen. She made her debut at Clermont, in the opera of *Le Rossignol*. She afterwards appeared in *Jean de Paris*, in which she attracted the marked notice of the French critics and the public. This was the commencement of a victorious career in France, which was succeeded by an equally flattering one in England, having obtained an engagement at the Princess's Theatre in London, where she made her first appearance in *Crown Diamonds*, creating an excitement not often surpassed by that attending the performances of any other artist. Her success in France and England is crowned by her triumphs here, which, however, have only commenced, for there is a brilliant future before her. The artist that can produce such

effects in the Old World and in the New—in the three greatest countries on the face of the globe—differing in many respects in a most remarkable degree, but all unanimously concurring in their judgment in her favour—must be more than an ordinary woman. In truth, Madame Thillon possesses capabilities and talents of a very high order, and her gifts have been cultivated with the most perfect care. She is entirely unique, there being no other comic opera singer in this world like her.

We feel utterly incompetent to convey our impressions of the fair cantatrice. Criticism cannot fully describe her. To realize what she is, she must be seen and heard in the *Crown Diamonds* or the *Daughter of the Regiment*; and that not only once, but many times, for such is the witchery of her charms that they cannot be comprehended in a single night. Like a picture, they must be taken separately and in detail, in order to obtain a just idea of the whole.—*New York Herald*.

### Provincial.

**LIVERPOOL.**—The fifty-second public performance of the Festival Choral Society presented a new oratorio by the composer of the *Deliverance*, which produced so great a sensation a short time since. Striking as are the beauties of the above named work, we perceive great advance in *Isaiah*. The society exhibited no less judgment in the adoption than in the selection of material in the performance; and the engagement of Mrs. Sunderland left Mr. Jackson nothing to wish for in the rendering of his production. The introduction was the commencement of a train of subjects invariably and faithfully maintained to the very last note of the finale. The instrument typical of the prophet is no less novel and effective; and we are impressed with an awful feeling at the deep, yet mellow iteration of the trombone. The accompanied recitative, by Mr. Armstrong, was carefully delivered; and the succeeding chorus, "Clash the symbols high in air," was enthusiastically encored, and repeated with increased effect. Miss Whitnall's absence, through indisposition, afforded Mrs. Sunderland an occasion of exhibiting no less her professional acquirement than her kindly feeling in the alacrity with which, at a moment's notice, she prevented any shadow of disappointment by singing the songs assigned to Miss Whitnall, in addition to the very arduous duties of her own allotted portion of the music. We never heard her in better voice. Mrs. Sunderland's delivery of the recitative, and the air succeeding, "Ah, sinful nation," delighted everybody. The chorus, "We have made a covenant with death," is written for descriptive effect. In a style utterly opposite, but with equal felicity, Mr. Jackson's feeling and taste are shown in the solo and chorus of "Holy is the Lord of Hosts," the performance of which was highly creditable both to the vocalists and band. Mr. Ryalls gave considerable effect to the beautiful air, "Woe to Israel;" the concluding chorus of the first part is very fine. The introduction to the second part is in keeping with the overture, and exhibits a pleasing subject, which Mr. Jackson has given with no less ingenuity than effect. In the second part, "The Lord shall comfort Zion," may challenge the happiest effusions of the best of the moderns. Mr. Armstrong sang an air, "As the hart pants," admirably, as, indeed, he did the whole of his portion, both of solo and concerted music. We were much struck with the originality of a chorus, "Behold, O God, thou art wroth," and deeply regretted its non repetition. Mr. Jackson has varied the soprano airs; and Mrs. Sunderland's style was eminently conspicuous in "Hearken unto me," a song which must soon be popular. Her last song is "O let the nations rejoice." Mr. Jackson, in his chorus, has accomplished the junction of attractive airs with elaborate and skilful contrivance. This has given to the work a charm with which choral auditors are not familiar, and neutralizes the general indifference except for solos. In the choice and application of instrumental power, there is a transparent clearness in

his score worthy of note by many who overlays his productions to suffocation. The winding up of this train of effect and beauty is by a bold, clever, and well-wrought fugue, upon a subject of which the simplicity is far from its least merit. We must not (though conscious of many beauties at present unenumerated) omit to express our admiration of the delicious specimen of pastoral in a duo, "Then shall the earth," sung by Messrs. Ryalls and Armstrong, the instrumenting of which is praiseworthy. The choral precision was admirable, and worthy of their excellent director, Mr. G. Holden, at whose wish and earnest desire the talented composer was invited to attend on the occasion. The room was densely filled by a delighted and discriminating audience. The applause was incessant, and the recognition of Mr. Jackson no less honourable to themselves than gratifying to him. The calls for repetition were too numerous to be all acceded to, of choruses in particular. (Abridged from the *Liverpool Mail*.)

This week Albert Smith has given his most amusing and instructive entertainment of "The Overland Mail," three times at the Philharmonic, before large audiences, comprising the elite of the town and neighbourhood. As might be anticipated, from the well-known and versatile talent of Mr. Smith, the entertainment went off each day with the utmost success—the somewhat frigid audiences being kept in a state of amused and unusual excitement during the whole time it lasted. No one that has ever appeared in Liverpool with the intention of amusing the public has done so more successfully than the talented author of "Christopher Tadpole," whose wit, good humour, vocal fluency, and happy delivery, make his efforts to please always interesting, and never tiresome. The scenic views, by Mr. Beverley, are as glowing and as brilliant as ever, while a new one of Folkestone harbour by moonlight, is a miracle of scenic and dioramic art. This morning and evening, Mr. Smith gives his entertainment at Birkenhead, and, as it is the last time he can ever give it there, we advise our trans-Mersey friends not to omit the opportunity of hearing him.

**OXFORD.**—(From our own Correspondent.)—On Wednesday, 29th ultimo, the Choral Society gave a miscellaneous concert at the Town Hall, in aid of the Blue Coat Boys' School. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Wilcox (who gave her services gratuitously), Miss Messent, and Messrs. Houghton and Horsley. Mrs. Wilcox was encored in Spohr's song, "The Bird and Maiden." The two gentlemen sang a variety of songs, of which "The Tempest," by Mr. Horsley, and "Non piu Andrai," by Mr. Houghton, were the most effective. To Miss Messent, however, was awarded the largest share of the honours. Besides delivering Mozart's "Per Pieta" and Sir Henry Bishop's popular song, "The mocking Bird," with charming effect, she was loudly encored in "Tell me my Heart," by the latter writer, as also in Mr. Baker's pretty ballad, "I've a heart to exchange." The audience was more remarkable for gentility than number.

**TUNBRIDGE WELLS.**—(From a Correspondent.)—On Monday last Mr. Charles Goodham, the resident professor of music, gave a musical soiree, assisted by Miss W. Williams, the vocalist, Mr. Goffrie, the violinist, and Mr. H. W. Goodham, the violoncellist from London. The programme comprised some of the choicest classical morceaux, and included Hummel's charming trio, in E flat, for piano, violin, and violoncello; Mendelssohn's grand duo, in D, for piano and violoncello; Beethoven's trio, in D; Benedict's and De Beriot's duet on airs from *Somnambula*, for piano and violin; and De Beriot's "Tremolo." As will be seen from the above programme both the mental and executive talents of the artists had full scope for display, and we must do them the justice to say that their rendering of each of these beautiful compositions left nothing to be desired. Miss Williams's lovely contralto voice was heard to perfection in Gluck's Rec. ed aria, "Che faro," in Land's ballad, "When Sorrow Sleepeth," in Lisle's song, "Thou art near me again," and in Lackner's beautiful song, "Think of me," with violoncello obligato. The latter was encored with great enthusiasm. The audience was select, and the delight with which they listened to the performance was an evidence of the advanced state of musical taste in Tunbridge Wells.

**LEEDS.**—Miss Mountain's benefit concert took place on Thursday evening last, and was very successful. The fair benefactress possesses a fine soprano, the notes being clear and mellow, and her



*forte* and *piano* well modulated. We find Miss Mountain's voice improved in flexibility. This was observable in her song "Dearest Companions," from *La Sonnambula*. Miss Mountain was received with much applause throughout the evening. The pretty song of Wallace's, which was allotted to Miss Atkinson, she gave with a purity of tone and chasteness of style which fully deserved the encore demanded by the audience. There were two more features in this concert, viz.: the singing of Master Ramsden, and the violin playing of Mr. J. W. Sykes. Master Ramsden, a youth of about thirteen years, a member of the choir of our parish church, has one of the finest voices we ever heard. It cannot, of course, be expected that he should be able to execute secular music in a very finished style; he being too inexperienced a musician; but his extraordinary fine notes quite electrified the audience, and the applause which was showered upon him was as enthusiastic as it was long continued. Master Ramsden will probably keep his present voice a year or two longer, when it will be prudent to abstain from singing for a time, in order to allow nature to develop his future voice. Mr. Sykes played a violin solo, composed by Sainton, his former master. The first movement of this composition deserves high praise for its beautiful plaintive strains. The performance of Mr. Sykes was excellent; he has greatly improved since we last heard him, and there is no doubt that he must have practised with unabated perseverance. His double notes are clear; his rapid passages neat and distinct; and his *adagio* is replete with feeling and infinite expression. The room was very respectfully attended, and the audience, as we have already stated, was extremely profuse in its applause.—R.

**SHEFFIELD.**—On Tuesday the venerable poet, James Montgomery, Esq., completed his 80th year. In celebration of the event, an oak tree was planted on the lawn in front of the Sheffield Infirmary by the poet, whose name has been intimately associated with the annals of the institution since it was projected in 1702. The ladies of Sheffield also presented Mr. Montgomery on his birthday with a "friendship offering," consisting of a handsome easy chair, beautifully carved in walnut wood, with laurel leaves, and covered with Utrecht velvet; a reading stand, with a lyre for the bookrest, the rose, thistle, and chanterel entwining the pedestal, with a royal rest footstool; together with a donation to be presented, in his name, to the Moravian Missionary Society. A similar contribution was awarded to the Sheffield School of Design for an annual prize medal, to be designated "the Montgomery medal," and for free pupils in the same institution.

**LIVERPOOL.**—The eighth concert of the Philharmonic Society took place in their great hall, on Tuesday evening week. It was principally instrumental, Mr. Sims Reeves being the only vocalist. The great pieces of the evening were Spohr's celebrated symphony, "The Power of Sound," and Beethoven's quintett, op. 16, for pianoforte, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn. The band performed admirably; the brass instruments were much better than usual, and the audience appeared highly gratified, though the symphony took no less than three quarters of an hour in performance. It was indeed in itself a perfect illustration of "the power of sound." Beethoven's quintett was also admirably performed, but it would be a poor compliment to the composer of *David*, to tell him that he is a fine pianoforte player. Mr. Sims Reeves sang the scena from *Euryanthe* beautifully, but when Sir Henry Bishop tells us that the whole of the music of this opera was composed by Weber, "so as to be appreciable only by first-rate musicians," we cannot wonder that it did not produce a very great effect. We cannot quite admit the full force of this; but we are willing to allow that it requires to be heard more than once to be appreciated by unlearned hearers; we therefore hope the committee will give us some more of it. We recommend to their especial attention the fine solo and quartett "Ben vieni, O Lysart." Mr. Sims Reeves was very happy in Beethoven's *Adelaide*; he was encored in the recitative and airs from *Roberto Devereux*: "Ed ancor la tremenda porta," by Donizetti, "Come if you dare," by Purcell, and in a ballad by Chimon. Mr. E. W. Thomas and Mr. Lidel performed a duet concertante on airs from *Gaillaume Tell*, which appeared to give great satisfaction, but most unquestionably, from the admirable skill of the performers, rather than from any great merit in the composition.

Two madrigals by Bennett, 1598, were not effective. The intervals were well filled up by two sparkling overtures by Auber and Lindpaintner, and the whole wound up by the march from the *Prophete* taken rather slow. In spite of the weather, the attendance was full and brilliant, and the concert appeared to give great satisfaction. The next concert is to be the oratorio of *St. Paul*, with Miss Birch, Miss M. W. Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips for principals.—*Liverpool paper*.

## HENRI HERZ—REMINISCENCES OF HIS TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

Translated from "La France Musicale," by W. Grätiers.

(Continued from page 695.)

### THEORY OF CONCERTS.

It will, doubtless, appear strange to those unacquainted with musical matters, when I affirm that it requires as necessary and indispensable a knowledge for concert-giving, as for musical composition; that there exists an equal theory for both. Travelling artists must not only possess talent, they must also have tact, and a knowledge of this theory of concerts; without it no artist can ever hope to attain glory or renown. I must add that this tact and knowledge can only be acquired by experience.

Doubtless, there exists numerous and various ways and means of succeeding in a country where an artist is known by reputation only. I cannot pretend to be acquainted with them all, but I will mention two, which have been practised by some of the greatest celebrities. For instance, you arrive in a town where you have been anxiously expected; you give a concert, and obtain an immense success. Will you leave the public under the first impression, and abruptly abandon the scene of your triumph, to return in a short time, and gather an additional harvest? Or will you (renewing the part of the man that Horace mentions) remain, unflinchingly and undauntedly, at your post, and exert your utmost energy and fertile invention to invest each succeeding concert with greater and increasing attraction, till you have exhausted both admiration and purses? The celebrated Catalani, Jenny Lind, Paganini, Lafont, Savori, Liezt, Berlioz, and the sisters Milanollo, have followed this plan; Baillot, Thalberg, De Bériot, Moscheles, Servais, Vieuxtemps, and Artot, have employed the first. I am well aware that both the one and the other have at times been crowned with an equal success; but, for my own part (after having, in many travels, essayed both) I have acquired an indubitable and unalterable belief, that it is better, as the saying is, to beat your iron while it is hot, than to let it cool by cutting it in half. When an artist is fortunate enough to excite in the first instance public sympathy, his reason and interest both command him not to retire till he has won it completely. But how often do not circumstances and events overrule and annihilate our will and intentions? For me, there was no reasoning or personal interest which could have induced me to forfeit my word. I had promised, and that was sufficient; I had mentioned the time I would return to my Boston friends, and I did not for an instant hesitate to abandon the successful career of my concerts in New York, to fulfil the engagement to which I had given my word and honour. I engaged a berth on one of the magnificent steamers which perform the journey between New York and Boston.

### MY DEPARTURE FOR BOSTON.

It is impossible for me to give my readers an idea of this vast and superb floating palace. It was one of the finest steamers I had ever seen. To the French, who have not viewed the wonderful steamers of the Mediterranean, who have seen nothing more than those of the Channel, the description of an American steamer such as the *Atlantic*, must call imagination to its aid. I was told it had cost 150,000 dollars, and could supply commodious and spacious convenience for five hundred persons. The saloon was adorned with princely splendour. Most of the ornaments were of a bright and dazzling gold colour; and on the numerous panels, shown to better advantage by being encased in splendid frames, were

painted excellent paintings, representing hunting and battle subjects. This gigantic steamer was entirely lined with polished mahogany, which shined as gloriously as the waves, when the lovely sun gilds them with his beams; each object was reflected back with the irreproachable truthfulness of the finest mirror. Along the galleries which formed the first floor, were spread with the utmost profusion sofas and easy-chairs; it is true they were somewhat of equivocal taste, but they were constructed and adorned with unheard of richness. Each object and intention—in fact, the great aim of all that is done in the United States—appears to democratize luxuries; profuse and luxurious ease prevails among a vast number of the population. The fare of these royal habitations—for indeed they merit the name—is so small that numbers find it economical to reside, and altogether take up their abode in them. They meet with innumerable amusements, see lots of society, and enjoy the sea air, in addition to rooms of exquisite cleanliness, and delicious and abundant breakfasts, dinners, &c. The provision department in these vessels equals their magnificence; for they are both irreproachable.

#### THE STRUGGLES OF OPPOSITION.

But to all these good and fine things (as to most in this world) there is a reverse side. All those honest people who go to seek for pleasure and amusement in these splendid steamers, oftentimes meet with a cruel and heartrending deception, and such a deception as puts it out of their power to remedy, or recover from it, as we do from most in this world; for it not unfrequently annihilates both the happiness they are at the time enjoying, and any future they might anticipate. The annals of American shipping are crowded with these awful and sinister accidents. They throw a sad and melancholy reflection upon the genius, industry, and perseverance of the inhabitants of the New World. Doubtless, their genius and industry shine with a brilliant and dazzling light; but this brightness is so frequently accompanied by such desolating strokes of lightning and thunder, that they can almost count in equal number their days of glory and their days of mourning. Civilization takes rapid strides in the United States; but in its haste it passes over many and many a corpse. For example, to the captains or proprietors of the steamboats between New York and Boston, the lives of the passengers are of very small importance; they are held in quite a second, if not a third consideration. To arrive at their journey's end with the greatest promptitude—such is their aim—no matter the risk or danger; no consideration or thought of this kind will stop them; to attain the greatest speed is their object. This is their sole pleasure and delight. Should they happen to perceive a rival steamer pursuing the same route as themselves, they immediately augment their steam, and no attention whatever is paid to any traveller who might mention that the boiler is on the point of bursting. The first time I witnessed one of these frightful marine-races, I was completely terrified. But it is a most singular and unaccountable thing, that one gets quite inured to them, and imitates the conduct of the American passengers, who, instead of recommending and suggesting prudence, animate, both by word and gesture, the captain and crew to increase the speed, so as to leave the competitor in the background. Not unfrequently their rashness and audacity is crowned with complete success, and affords a certain satisfaction, in which each passenger seems to partake. But oftentimes, Providence chastises their reckless and immoderate rashness; such temerity frequently receives an awful check; such frightful accidents occur, they baffle description. I will, however, attempt to relate the catastrophe of the *Atlantic*, which happened by a competition for speed between it and another steamer.

(To be continued.)

#### Miscellaneous.

**MADAME PARISH ALVARS.**—This most admirable artist is charming a circle of fashionable amateurs at Leamington with her rare talents on the harp, whence she will return to perform at a concert in Brighton previous to her making a professional visit to Manchester, where she cannot fail to make many friends and gain universal admiration.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—This fashionable place of amusement opens, for the winter season, on Monday, with Macfarren's *King Charles the Second*, and the farce of *The Rough Diamond*. Mr. Webster is determined to make opera a principle feature of the performances, indeed we might say, the principal feature; seeing that he has provided so excellent a vocal troupe, and so efficient a band, which we are pleased to see has been strongly reinforced. A good working chorus, also, we understand, has been obtained; so that we may confidently reckon upon seeing Macfarren's opera rendered in a complete and satisfactory manner. Mrs. Stirling is engaged, and will appear on Tuesday. Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff are also on the bills. Various novelties are in preparation.

**RE-UNION DES ARTS.**—This Society commenced its second, or Winter season, last Monday evening at the Beethoven Rooms, Queen Ann Street. The programme was excellent, including the Quartett by Mozart, No. 1 in G for two violins, tenor and bass; a grand pianoforte trio in D, by Beethoven, and several songs and solos. The artistes assisting, were—Vocalists, Mad. Garcia, Mad. Wagner, Miss Young, Herr Stoffregen and Mr. Jansen;—Instrumentalists, Mad. Goffrie and Herr Kloss (pianoforte), Herr Goffrie, Herr Gollmick (violin), Mr. Boose (tenor), and Mr. Goodban (violoncello). The entire works of Mozart and Beethoven were listened to with the greatest attention, and were executed in first-rate style by the above named artists. The manner in which these *soirées* are conducted, deserves especial commendation.

**MOZART.**—Mozart was born at Salzburg, on the 27th of January, 1756. His father, Leopold Mozart, was skilled in music, being sub director of the Princes Chapel. This was a circumstance highly favourable to the predilections of the young Mozart. From infancy, Wolfgang displayed a marked fondness for music. When only three years old he would busy himself in trying to find thirds on the piano; the success of his incipient efforts always afforded him the most exquisite pleasure. Up to the age of ten he had an unconquerable horror of the trumpet. One day his father, hoping to subdue this fear, blew the trumpet in the presence of his son. The affrighted boy turned ghastly pale, and immediately fell almost senseless to the floor. Before Mozart was sixteen years old he had performed, in conjunction with his sister, Mary Ann, at the principal courts and cities of Europe. At this early period of his life the entire continent of Europe literally rang with his fame. In the month of November 1780, Mozart made his final settlement of residence—Vienna was the favoured city. With such a chaplet as that which now encircled the young prodigy's brow, any ordinary mind would have been intoxicated, or settled into a self-complacent *inertia*; not so with Mozart. He never seemed flattered by the showers of honour that everywhere fell upon him; but totally indifferent alike to sincere applause and the jealous carplings of an envious criticism, he pursued his course with unabated and undeviating vigour. There is hardly any department of music in which he did not excel. Opera, symphony, song, and dance, flowed from his pen with a richness and grandeur never achieved and sustained, except by genius of the highest order. So intense was his application that it checked considerably his natural growth. The most striking thing in Mozart's personal appearance was his perpetual restlessness and the ever-varying expression of his features. He seemed to have little or no idea of economy and domestic management. Extravagantly fond of expensive pleasures, and possessed of a heart more generous than wise, he emptied his purse with the recklessness of one who cared not for wealth, who had not even learned the value of money. In the midst of fame and labour, with his thirty-sixth year yet incomplete, surrounded by "troops of friends," his magnificent career was suddenly closed in death. Haunted by the gloomiest forebodings, he seemed to have a strange presentiment of his own early decease. For some time previous to his death his health had begun to decay. One day a circumstance occurred which, working powerfully as it did upon his morbid sensitiveness and strong imagination, doubtless hastened his end. A grave-looking personage called upon him and agreed with him for a Requiem, which the stranger said, was for a friend. He withdrew, refusing to give either his own name or his friend's, and promised to call again in a month. The time expired, the mysterious visitor again appeared; but Mozart's health and spirits



rits had been so wrought upon, that he had been unable to finish the composition. Another month was agreed upon, and the stranger again withdrew, still refusing to satisfy Mozart's curiosity as to who he was. The terrified composer tried to obtain some knowledge of this strange personage but in vain. The melancholy visit, the veil of mystery that hung upon it, led Mozart to conclude that the stranger was an inhabitant of the invisible world. "I am writing this Requiem for myself," said he, in accents of utter despair. He toiled on, finished his task, was seized with fits and died. *Requiescat in pace.—Aurelian.*

**BARNUM AND LOLA MONTES.**—The much-talked-of engagement of Lola Montes with Mr. Barnum, has, it appears, not been concluded, as the lady in question has been dancing at several of the provincial theatres, and lately at Lyons, but without success. The *Salut Public* of Lyons publishes a warlike epistle from the Countess to Dr. Vernon (of the *Constitutionnel*), in consequence of some sarcastic remarks upon her in his journal, in which she warns the doctor that, in case the attacks upon her being continued in the *Constitutionnel*, she will send him a challenge to fight a duel—not with sword or pistol, but arms more familiar to him—two pills—one of them poisoned; each of the combatants to swallow one! Whether this letter be a *bona fide*, or a pleasantry on the part of the *Salut Public*, we have no means of knowing, but the joke is a good one. *Galignani's Messenger*, however, has the following:—"We are requested, on sufficient authority, to contradict the statement copied into the *Messenger* on Saturday, to the effect that the tour of Lola Montes in the province had not been successful, no *artiste* of modern times, our informant states, having succeeded so well in a pecuniary sense. She is engaged for the United States, and will appear at New York in December."

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### CAUTION.

SEVERAL notices relative to the Bloomer Polkas having appeared, Henry Distin, in justice to himself, begs to inform the Music Trade, Profession, and Public in general that DUSTIN'S BLOOMER POLKA, by Wellington Guernsey, price 2s. 6d., was the original one published, the title of the said Bloomer Polkas having been surreptitiously obtained by other parties in the first instance. Distin's Bloomer Polkas are nightly performed at the Public Balls, Concerts, Theatres, &c., and also at Distin and Sons' Concerts throughout the kingdom, and the various military bands of the army. Published by Henry Distin, at his Depot for Military Musical Instruments, 31, Cranbourn-street, Leicester-square, London, where also may be had by the same popular author, The Court Beauty Polkas (as performed at Her Majesty's State Balls) 2s. 6d. The Angelina do do do 2s. 6d. The Belvidere Galops do do do 2s. 6d. The Cuckoo Galop do do do 2s. 6d. All with Cornet accompaniments.

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M. JULLIEN has the gratification to state that he has become the purchaser of several of the Instruments to which were awarded the Council Medal, at the Great Exhibition, among which are:—The Violin manufactured by M. Viillaume, of Paris—several of M. Sax's Wind Instruments—and also the Grand Piano-forte of the Messrs. Erard; this latter Instrument will be EXHIBITED EVERY EVENING, and will be performed upon by the celebrated Pianist, Mons. BILLET.

### PROGRAMME FOR MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 17, 1851.

#### PART I.

|                                     |   |           |
|-------------------------------------|---|-----------|
| Overture, . . .                     | "Der Freischütz," (First Time this Season.)   | Weber.    |
| Quadrille, . . .                    | (Humorous), "The Bloomer Quadrille," founded on American and English Melodies.  | Jullien.  |
| Symphony, . . .                     | "The Power of Sound."   | Spohr.    |
| Song, . . .                         | Miss DOLBY, "Ah quel Giorno," from the Opera "Semiramide." (First Time at M. Jullien's Concerts)                                  | Rossini.  |
| Valse, . . .                        | "La Prima Donna," composed for the Court Balls, (1851.), and performed at Buckingham Palace                                       | Jullien.  |
| Solo, Contra-basso, Sig. BOTTESINI. | "Le Carnaval de Venise," originally composed by Sig. Paganini for the Violin, but performed by Sig. Bottesini on the Contra-basso | Paganini. |
| Quadrille, . . .                    | "Great Exhibition,"   | Jullien.  |

#### PART II.

|   |   |            |
|---|---|------------|
| Opera, . . .  | Grand Selection and Fantasia, from Mozart's <i>Chef-d'œuvre</i> , "Don Giovanni," arranged expressly by M. Jullien. The Solos by M. LAVIGNE, M. BAUMANN, M. PROSPER, Mr. TAVER, and Herr KATTE. | Mozart.    |
| Solo, . . .   | Mons. FRELON, on Mons. Alexandre's new Instrument the Melodium.   | Donizetti. |
| Polka, . . .  | "Polka des Poignards."  | Auber.     |
| Song, . . .   | Miss DOLBY, "The Flowers are sleeping."   | Baker.     |
| Duo, Violin and Violoncello, without Accompaniment, Mons. DELOFFRE and Mons. PILET (first time) |   | Deloffre.  |
| Valse, . . .  | "Myranda,"  | Kernig.    |
| Galop, . . .  | "The Review,"   | Jullien.   |

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M. JULLIEN'S Annual Grand Bal Masque will take place on FRIDAY, DEC. 19th.

## SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, MR. COSTA.—THE SEASON will COMMENCE on FRIDAY, the 5th of December, with H. ydn's Oratorio, THE SEASONS (first time by this Society). Subscriptions are received at the Society's office, No. 6, in Exeter Hall (where also prospectuses for the ensuing season may be obtained), daily, between 10 and 5; also on Tuesday evenings, between 7 and 10. The Subscription is—for central area seats, numbered, £3 3s.; area or gallery, reserved, £2 2s.; body of the hall, £1 1s.

## MISS DOLBY

BEGS to inform her friends that her first MUSICAL SOIREE will take place at her residence, No. 2, Minde-street, Manchester-square, on TUESDAY, Nov. 18th, at Eight o'Clock.

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